

No 6 Cushman St,  
Providence, Nov 28, 1889.

My Dear Watson,

Pray tell me what this *Polypodium* ~~is~~ *Chrysia* is - from Fort Supply, Indian Territory, sent me by Col Bliss' 24 Infantry? (in 1887), Don't bother to return; I have none. It rains today - as did twenty-two years ago, at our Thanksgiving at Glendale, Nevada.

My wife is in New York; my children at their Grandfather's, where I am to dine, and I am restuffing the contents of my herbarium.

I have been in poor health for two years - a settled and most obstinate pain in the neck - but, on the whole, am stronger than last year. I am very busy. Our new President is my personal friend, a big-hearted, inspiring man. The last was no - Volja's friend; a most exasperating - get-out-of-hed wrong-ended - busy-day

Kind of man, I hope never to see  
another like him. There is a general  
hallelujah at his departure.

On Jan 29<sup>th</sup> I am to read a  
paper before the Torrey Club on our  
R. I. Flora. My notes grow apace  
"Non Angles, sed Angeles" was it  
the old Pope said, "To be appreciated  
they must be seen."  
If Goodale is at home  
remem<sup>r</sup> me to him.

Thine -  
W. W. Bailey